

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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Woodstock, Vermont.

Printed Saturday Morning

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOODSTOCK NEWS

The Lady Minstrels.

The lady minstrels, or minstrel-esses, of the Woodstock Dramatic club, sang and joked to a large audience at Music hall last week Friday evening on their first appearance in our beautiful city. It was also their first appearance on any stage and the many folks present seemed to take very kindly to the melodious and dramatic features of the entertainment.

The curtain rose on a circle of seventeen young ladies. The chorus was modestly gowned in white waists and black skirts, while the end ladies were easily distinguished by the riotous colorings of their costumes.

Behind the circle, on an elevated platform, was the Elite orchestra, the personnel being: Ralph Spaulding, violin; C. O. Dumas, cornet; Charles Cobb, clarinet; Daniel Gearing, drums; Mrs. Luna Howe Brown, accompanist. The Elite instrumentalists harmonized finely and were excellent both in their selections and accompaniments.

Here is the program:

Interlocutor, Mrs. H. H. Spear.
Ends—Bones: Miss Elizabeth Plunkett, Miss Grace Gearing.
Ends—Tambos: Miss Caroline Wood, Miss Mildred Chandler.

Assisted by Miss Eva Hamilton, Miss Mildred McWain, Miss Beattie Marsh, Miss Helen Marsh, Miss Mabel Woodbury, Miss Luna Woodbury, Miss Mary Fitzgerald, Mrs. Sophia Doxter, Miss Evelyn Marcotte, Miss Dorothy Mason, Miss Maude Slayton, Miss Flora Sawyer.

FIRST PART
Grand Opening Chorus, Company Bally in the Garden of My Heart.
Popular Song—By the Light of the Moon, Miss Plunkett.
Popular Song—My Hula Hula, Love, Miss Woodbury.
Sentimental Song—Maybe that is Why I'm Lonely, Miss Chandler.
Popular Song—Knock Wood, Miss Mason.
Sentimental Song—When Sunday Rolls Around, Miss Gearing.
Indian Song—Navajo Rag, Miss Marcotte.
Popular Song—Do It Now, Miss Wood.

SECOND PART
Selections, Mandolin and violin, Marta and Lina Jzorgaky; monologue, burlesque oration on matrimony in the character of Aunt Chloey, Miss Plunkett.

Sensational burlesque, depicting life in the sunny South, entitled, "My Old Kentucky Home."

Cast.
Old Black Joe, an ex-slave 80 years of age, C. O. Dumas.
Arthur Maynard, owner of a Kentucky plantation, H. H. Spear.
Viola Maynard, his daughter, Mrs. H. H. Spear.
Charlie Doolittle, her sweetheart, Ralph Spaulding.
Edgar Tremble, with a heart of stone, Ehrich Howland.
Mrs. Alice Wilson, a frail widow, Mrs. C. O. Dumas.
Harvey Slick, an adventurer, Wallace Liberty.
Felix Fake, his assistant, George Gallagher.
Chlorinda Sourgrass, a lady of color, Miss Elizabeth Plunkett.
Goldie, a guest, Miss Grace Gearing.
Pickaninny Chorus, Young Ladies of the Company.

Following the opening chorus by the company Mrs. Spear sang "In the Garden of My Heart," which was the vocal feature of the evening. The songs were all light, catchy, and minstrelly, and well suited to the several singers, who were all recalled by the frenzied audience for another verse or two. Mrs. Plunkett was twice obliged to sing and dance again to satisfy her admirers. The ladies went through the first part smoothly, the chorus especially showing careful and patient drill by Mrs. Spear. There was a slight superfluity of intensely personal jokes, but the audience applauded as freely as if no one was hurt a bit.

The second part of the performance included mandolin and violin solos by Miss Caroline Wood and Miss Corinne Ordway, and a monologue on the subject of matrimony, by Miss Plunkett. "My Old Kentucky Home" turned out to be somewhat sensational, as the program advised Mr. Spear, who said this was his first appearance as a regular actor, had a leading part, and Mr. Gallagher, who doubled very capably

as a thousand-dollar brass statue and as a dog-of-much savagery and intelligence, showed the audience what a real actor could do if he had a chance. A lot of money seems to be lying around loose in the "Sunny South," and "Old Black Joe" (C. O. Dumas) saved the old plantation when he pointed to the hiding place of \$50,000 (or perhaps it was \$500,000) and his old master was able to pay off the relentless mortgage-holder who threatened to drive him from home.

Windsor County Court.

Jurors for the December term of Windsor county court are:—
Bridgewater—Harry Booth.
Bethel—Cecil A. Washburn, Chas. A. Waldg, Angus H. Bix.
Cavendish—Geo. D. Bates.
Chester—Walter M. Hazeltine, Alfred Archer, Volney J. Wood.
Hartford—Felix Daley, George E. Mann.
Hartland—John F. Colston.
Ludlow—John Dorsey, Oscola A. Hesselton, E. S. Merrill.
Norwich—Urban E. Waterman.
Pomfret—Charles Reed.
Reading—S. M. Sherwin.
Rochester—Fred W. Eaton, G. A. Lyon.
Royalton—Charles A. Cleveland, Chas. W. Cowan.
Sharon—Baxter W. Roberts.
Springfield—Lyman Whitcomb, Allen L. Slade, Frank M. Wright.
Weston—Geo. H. Coburn.
West Windsor—H. Y. Wemple.
Windsor—Myles Hemenway, Chester F. Pike.
Woodstock—Owen L. Seaver.

UNION STATION DESTROYED

Loss by Fire at White River Junction About \$80,000.

The union railroad station at White River Junction was burned to the ground Tuesday morning, causing a loss of about \$80,000, mostly covered by insurance.

The fire, which was discovered at 3:30 o'clock, was one of the most spectacular that ever occurred along the valley of the upper Connecticut river.

While the fire was burning the freight house, the beef sheds of Swift & Co. and the hide and tallow establishment of H. A. Perkins caught fire, but in each case the blaze was soon extinguished.

The blaze started, it is believed, in the partition in the rear of the Western Union room and was due, according to the theory now held, to defective wiring. The fire spread rapidly, and the building was so soon filled with smoke that the fire fighters had trouble in getting at the blaze.

By 8 o'clock, when the flames were under control, the interior of the structure was thoroughly gutted and the north wall had fallen in. The station was two stories and a half high and was of brick. Recently, in compliance with the orders of the Vermont public service commission, the building had been remodeled at a cost estimated to be from \$15,000 to \$18,000. The mail and baggage department was not destroyed. The building was used jointly by the Central Vermont and the Boston & Maine railroads.

The station restaurant was conducted by O. W. Daley of White River Junction, whose loss is roughly estimated at \$7000.

All the mail, express, baggage and tickets in the station were removed from danger early.

The telegraph office in the station is the most important telegraph point between Boston and Montreal, and was, of course, burned out. However, by 8 o'clock all wire communication was restored in a temporary office. The railroads' traffic was handled with comparatively slight delay.

Bobcat Shot in Ludlow.

A bobcat weighing 43 pounds was shot a few days ago by Ira Sumner in Ludlow, and was on exhibition for a time, attracting considerable attention. The animal was a fine specimen of its kind, powerfully built, and measured three feet from tip of nose to tip of tail.

Dr. Leroy M. Bingham, one of the best known surgeons in this state, dropped dead in the bathroom of his home in Burlington at 5:30 Monday afternoon. Death was due to angina pectoris.

Christmas Goods



Watch for My Opening Date

I am expecting a larger Holiday trade than ever. Expecting it, I have prepared for it by purchasing the largest and best line of Holiday Goods I have ever shown. Everything new and up-to-date.

Toys, Dolls, Games, China, Furniture, etc. Big Values at Popular Prices. 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c.

E. A. Spear

House Furnisher

Buck Chases a Hunter.

A Rutland hunter sends the News of that city a "buck fever" story which he thinks is a little better than has yet been in print. He says: "I was out hunting Thursday in the neighborhood of Mendon and being unable to get a rifle I took along a single-barrel shotgun and before I had been in the woods an hour I saw before me an immense buck and taking careful aim I fired. I have every reason to believe that some of the shot took effect, for with lowered antlers he started after me and I am frank to confess that I turned, dropping my gun, and fled, as fast as ever I could, and neither did I look around until I was safe within a farmer's barn yard, but when I turned there was no deer in sight. Please believe me, no more hunting for the writer."

Changes in Quechee Company.

The J. C. Parker Co., of Quechee, R. L. Harris, president; E. D. Kane, clerk, has filed papers in the office of the secretary of state changing the name of the company to the Harris Emery Co., enlarging the business and increasing the capital stock.

Engine Killed a Deer.

A singular circumstance happened last Sunday as the helping engine was returning to Newport from the summit, near Willoughby, when the engine ran into and killed a large buck that was either standing or attempted to cross the track ahead of the engine.

Big Check for Middlebury.

The treasurer of Middlebury college has received a check for \$22,845.95 from the General Education Board as the first payment toward the \$50,000 they have pledged toward the \$300,000 fund. The board pays proportionately as subscriptions are paid in by other subscribers.

HIS QUIANT SIMPLICITY.

It Won John Burroughs a Place in the Treasury Department.

Early in the sixties of the last century, when Hugh McCulloch had just been appointed comptroller of the currency to organize the new department under the provisions of the national bank act, there walked into his office, unannounced, one day a stranger dressed in "store clothes" and wearing long hair.

"My name is Burroughs—John Burroughs," said the visitor. "I should like to have a position in your department."

"What do you know about banking?" asked the comptroller, thinking that perhaps in the unique stranger might be discovered some genius or an actuary or accountant. "Unhappily, nothing," replied the applicant.

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"Well, who's your congressman?"

To whom can you refer me?"

"I know no congressman."

"And you expected to get a government position without qualification for the position and without indorsement or backing of any character?"

"I think I could learn office work here, and the salary would be a great help to me in my literary career."

"Oh, you are a writer, are you?"

What's your line? Poetry, perhaps?"

"I try to write poetry," confessed the visitor.

"Got any of it with you?" asked the comptroller, now considerably amused. "If so let's see it."

The poet-naturalist produced a song redolent of early spring. It treated of the chickweed, the oven bird and the Carolina wren, with a faint reference to forest violets and hepatica.

"This is great," commented the comptroller. "It's right out of the woods."

"Which is more than can be said of the author," observed Mr. Burroughs, thinking of the world of finance which he was seeking to invade.

The comptroller laughed. "And is this all you have in the way of credentials?"

"I have some more poems at home," was the bland and sincere reply.

In much merriment the comptroller summoned an assistant. "Here's the most astonishing instance of ingenuousness I have ever encountered in public life," said he. "That man over there applies for a government position, and the only backers he can name are the muses. Yet this department is not political, and somehow I'm inclined to put the fellow to work. I am captivated by the man's honest simplicity."

So John Burroughs was set to work as a treasury clerk. No appointment ever before had been secured on such a basis, and no one since has had the temerity in asking for a government job to cite song birds and wild flowers as his only references.

A Hunting Story.
An old backwoodsman that Abraham Lincoln often told of had very heavy, overhanging eyebrows and wore big spectacles with brass rims. One day he came rushing into his cabin and, seizing his rifle, aimed it carefully through a crack of the door at a great oak tree that stood near and fired.

"What is it?" whispered his wife. "A wildcat, Sairy," he said excitedly, "and I missed him!"

He hastily loaded and fired again and then again.

"Now, hold on, Joshua," said his good wife. "Let me look at you. Why, laws-a-daisy, it's nothin' but a little bug on one of your eyebrows!"—Housekeeper.

What's Left.
A prominent citizen had just died. As is usual, the townsfolk were standing on the street corners wondering how much he left. Some of them put the sum as high as \$40,000, but others argued stoutly that he left not more than \$25,000.

A politician, notorious as a man who wouldn't pay his bills, listened to several of these discussions. Then he said:

"I suppose when I die people will be standing on the street corners just like that and asking, 'I wonder what he owed?'"—Saturday Evening Post.

The Coffee?
The other morning at the breakfast table Mr. Skillings, who was in a highly satisfied mood, remarked to his wife:

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning, bang things around and kick because the coffee is cold?"

"Why," responded Mrs. Skillings sweetly, "I would make it hot for you."

STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

Pen Picture of the Writer as First Seen by His Friend Moore.

H. J. Moore, the American merchant who was Stevenson's most intimate friend in Samoa, tells in his book, "With Stevenson in Samoa," of his first meeting with the novelist.

"I had previously met Joe Strong, a relative of his by marriage," wrote Mr. Moore, "and Strong had written to me from Hawaii, informing me that Stevenson was touring the islands and would in due course arrive at Apia."

"He has gained rather a famous name as a novelist," wrote Strong, "especially as the author of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' which you must have read, but beyond all that he is a charming fellow, and you will like him."

"Stevenson," he added, was just then tripping it around the Gilberts and other islands to the northward, and later on he would turn up at Samoa. Would I be so good as to do what I could to make his stay a pleasant one, 'as he is an invalid and a good fellow?"

"For six or seven months after receiving this letter I had been looking out for him, and early in December, 1889, the schooner Equator, with Stevenson on board, entered Apia harbor. I went aboard: A young looking man came forward to meet me."

"He appeared to be about thirty years of age, although really nine years older, of fair and somewhat sallow complexion and about five feet ten inches in height. He wore a slight, scraggy mustache, and his hair hung down about his neck after the fashion of artists. This was Stevenson—R. L. S., 'the best beloved initials in recent literature'—and I knew it even before he spoke."

"He was not a handsome man, and yet there was something irresistibly attractive about him. The genius that was in him seemed to shine out of his face. I was struck at once by his keen, inquiring eyes. Brown in color, they were strangely bright and seemed to penetrate you like the eyes of a mesmerist."

"His feet were bare, and I remember that he was dressed in a thin calico shirt and a light pair of flannel trousers, with a little white yachting cap, one of those cheese-cutter things, on his head."

He Had His Cue.
Some little time ago a stranger strolled into a billiard room of one of our largest hotels and was immediately accosted by a youth who challenged him to a game of 100 up. Nothing loath, the stranger accepted, won the toss for first shot, went to the table and did not leave it till he had amassed 102 and was still in play. He then noticed that his would be opponent had put away his cue and was making for the door.

"Hi, hi, young fellow!" called he. "Who's paying for this game?"

"Not me, you bet! No play, no pay, is my motto, and when I pay to be a spectator I'll have a reserved seat for my money and not stand holding a cue like a blooming marker!"—London Tit-Bits.

Hudson's Bay Company.
Although the Hudson's Bay company is not the power it once was in Canada, it is still a flourishing institution and owns 50,000 choice acres. In 1869 the company yielded title to all its territory, with the exception of the acreage stated, receiving from the Dominion government \$1,500,000 indemnity for its monopoly rights and political authority. Since that time it has been conducting its operations like an ordinary mercantile corporation. It was organized in 1760 by Prince Rupert and a company of noblemen and was given extraordinary powers by its operating charter.

An Unpleasant Revelation.
"My son," said the dotting parent, "it is your duty to tell the girl you hope to marry all about yourself—all your faults and weaknesses. That's the true test of love."

"I did," replied the hopeful. "It wasn't much."

"What did you tell her?"

"Why, you see, dad, she didn't really know who you were, so I told her."

"Eh! And what did she say?"

"She's an awfully nice girl, dad, and she said she'd tried hard to reconcile herself to the unpleasant truth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Insult.
"I'll get even with Bumpus," said Harry, "I hear that he called me a lobster the other day."

"How very insulting!" ejaculated Jarley.

"Wasn't it?" said Harry, his face red with wrath.

"It certainly was, and I'm really surprised," said Jarley. "Bumpus is so fond of lobsters, as a rule."—Harper's Weekly.

Meant What He Said.
Wedderly—Let me congratulate you, old boy. This is probably the happiest day of your life.

Singleton—You are a little previous, dear boy; I'm not to be married until tomorrow.

Wedderly—I know it, and you heard what I said.

BLEED ALMOST AT A TOUCH.

Sufferers From Hemophilia Rarely Get a Chance to Live Long.

There is no accident of practice more dreaded by the physician than to see a patient upon whom he has performed some trivial operation, such as lancing a boil or removing adenoids, bleed and bleed and keep on bleeding, perhaps until he dies. All the usual remedies, such as pressure, cold and the application of styptics, and all the unusual ones, such as tying a ligature around the bleeding part or searing it with the cautery, are tried and tried in vain.

Fortunately, this accident happens rarely and can happen at all only in the case of a new patient, with whose constitution the doctor is unfamiliar, but when it does happen it seems worse and more terrible than death from any other cause following operation, for it is so unlooked for that it comes like a bolt from the blue.

The constitutional state to which this accident is due is known as hemophilia. Those subject to it are called "bleeders." The disease is one of the blood solely. It consists in a reduced coagulability—that is, the clots which ordinarily close the open mouths of the minute blood vessels and stop the blood from oozing from a small wound do not form; consequently the blood continues to escape. The globules of the blood and the coloring matter are usually as they are in health, for the trouble is purely a chemical one—a deficiency of lime salts, the presence of which is essential if clots are to be formed.

In these cases it does not always require a surgeon to inflict a fatal wound. A blow on the nose, an accidental cut or a mere pin scratch may open a sufficient number of tiny blood vessels to drain away the vital fluid. A man who knows himself to be a bleeder does not dare to shave; he will suffer any pain from an aching tooth rather than allow it to be pulled, and he is most careful not to let his hands or lips chap in winter, lest an accidental crack open the way to an uncontrollable outpouring of blood.

Why the blood is deficient in lime salts is not known. The condition is hereditary, and, oddly enough, although it affects men and boys almost exclusively, it is transmitted through the female line. Thus a man may be a bleeder; his children will escape, but the male children of his daughter will almost surely, one or all, suffer.

Most bleeders die in infancy, but not a few live to boyhood and some even to adult life before meeting with the accident that leads to the fatal hemorrhage. Some few grow out of the condition.

Treatment consists in the daily administration of lime salts, such as the lactate of calcium, through long periods of time. Gelatin has also been used, apparently with benefit.—Youth's Companion.

Understanding a Woman.
"Do you really believe," she asked, looking across the table at him, "that any man is capable of understanding a woman?"

"I believe almost any man is capable of understanding a woman at times."

"At what times, for instance?"

"Well, when she opens the conversation by assuring him that she has made up her mind to be an old maid and when she goes out into the vestibule to bid him good night and there assures him that she thinks it is foolish for a girl to let a man kiss her before he has called at least three times."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Expert Glove Cutters.
The cutters of the great glove houses in Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

Too Smart.
"It does not always pay to be too smart," said a lawyer. "At our boarding house a new waitress was employed, and a young chap asked her what he should call her."

"Call me Pearl," she said.

"Are you the pearl of great price?" he asked.

"No," answered the girl. "I guess I am the pearl that was cast before swine."—New York Times.